

Sweet Dreams by PuffyPhantom

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Summary:

Vlad reflects on his latest obsession—Danny.

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Sweet Dreams

Author's Note:

Not too happy about this one. Posting it anyway.

Thanks for reading.

Vlad never saw it coming, the pleasure of meeting someone new on this particular date. The child of his pitiful enemy and beloved ex-coed—a charming young boy. One could say it was instant infatuation. Déjà vu from his years in college when he first met Maddie comically replayed there at the stoop of his manor. It was as if his aching heart, stolen by his dear Madeline all those years ago, was carelessly dropped at his front door where that *boy* just happened to pick it up and hide it away in his pocket.

Vlad shifted in his seat and gripped the arm of his chair, nails digging into the velvet fabric. A bead of sweat rolled down his temple, and a desperate, shaky breath rushed through his parted lips. His lidded gaze dropped down to the throbbing, heavy erection between his thighs, held by his clammy hand—its sinful presence caused by immoral thoughts of his newfound interest in his special guest.

"Daniel,"

His name escaped Vlad in a breathless murmur, tip of his tongue lingering behind the top row of his teeth when he reached the final consonant. With a firm grip, his hand began to move, further stoking the carnal fire within him. A pleasant tremor went down his spine and his skin tingled as recollections of the day's events skipped by his closed eyes.

The first image that conjured up in Vlad's mind was that of Danny's attractive visage and those beautiful sky-blue eyes that stared up at him for the very first time, full of wonder and curiosity. A guttural sound erupted from his throat when he harshly pulled at his cock, thinking of how those same eyes would no doubt avert his lascivious gaze and how their young owner would shy away from his advances if Vlad was given the chance, as

any boy his age would. He couldn't be more than fourteen years old. At the cusp of adulthood, yet still so innocent, so pure. No, little naïve Daniel was not yet tainted by the indecent, filthy pleasures that came with maturity.

How Vlad would give *anything* to teach him.

He'd show him a much different panorama as those same baby blue eyes, now filled with the desire to please, looked up at him while on his knees, touching and tentatively licking and sucking his hard cock, trying his absolute best to familiarize himself with such an embarrassing and intimate act. Vlad shivered at the thought, imagining a different hand replacing his own. Those small, thin fingers would certainly struggle to hold him and fail to fully close around his stiff erection due to timidity.

Vlad knew he shouldn't be feeling this way. He shouldn't be gasping for breath as he eagerly pumped his leaking dick—not while thinking about young Daniel writhing and squirming in place as his fully developed arousal awakened the teen's own. Vlad has *never* had any interest in the male sex, let alone boys in their youth.

But, Danny wasn't just *any* boy. Danny was *Maddie's* son. After twenty lonely and melancholy years, she had given Vlad a second chance at yearning and obtaining something else beside her. *Someone* else. It was only natural for him to have become so obsessed with her child. His gender and age were simply characteristics of who Danny was, and Vlad wanted *everything* he had to offer. *Every piece of him.*

His hand faltered slightly after spreading his pre-ejaculate all over his erection, picturing how Danny would gag and choke on his saliva-coated cock in a bold attempt at taking him in entirely, where spit and other fluids would dribble down his chin because of the shameless, sloppy action. If only he could've gotten away with such a wonderful performance from the younger in the moments after he'd met him...

At least he was somewhat able to come into contact with Danny while he and the boy's family chatted in his foyer. That opening for Vlad to get a feel of his pitch-black hair while the teen made a silly comment about him regarding his favorite sports team was truly a blessing. It was so

unbelievably soft against his rough, calloused hand, and it had been so long since Vlad had felt—truly *experienced*—the pleasant touch of another. He recalled he had found himself craving more right afterwards.

And he, the esteemed *Vlad Masters*, ever the gentleman, would reward Danny for his good behavior as well. Just as he had filled his hot, inexperienced mouth with his cock, Vlad would gladly reciprocate the favor. He would take his time before it came to that, though. He'd let the boy grow accustomed to the feel of his heavy tongue first as he languidly rolled it over his own, licking and mapping out that wet cavern, letting Danny anticipate what was soon to come as he fondled him through his clothing. They would eventually be removed, and Vlad would trail his naked, supple body with his lips, memorizing the contour of his small form. He'd teasingly make his way downwards until he reached his most private area and finally take him into his mouth, where his precious Daniel would grasp at his shoulders and prematurely spill his warm seed down his hungry throat.

Vlad licked his lips. Oh yes, the lovely teen was just full of surprises. His face twitched as he remembered his consternation when later in the night the infamous ghost boy, *Danny Phantom*, sprawled there at his feet after he had stun him unconscious, transformed into *Danny Fenton*...Maddie and Jack's son, another *mistake*? Another human-ghost hybrid? Just like *him*.

With the knowledge of the ghost boy's true identity, Vlad's perspective of Danny had changed dramatically for the better. He was already interested in him as it was before the discovery. And now? He was positively *invested*.

Shallow grunts echoed off the walls of his dimly lit study while vivid images flashed through Vlad's mind of how Danny's lithe spectral figure, covered by his form-fitting black hazmat suit, moved clumsily around him during their encounter. It shouldn't seem so obscene, but it was. That suit left nothing to the imagination, and it hugged his small frame so well, emphasized by the way he shifted around effortlessly on the ground and in the air, demonstrating just how nimble he truly was underneath the article of clothing.

He imagined it then—how heavenly it would feel to shove his hard cock into that beautiful, pliant form of his. Holding his length from the bottom, Vlad gasped as he forcibly pushed the head of his arousal through the narrow ring of his thumb and forefinger, picturing it as Danny’s own entrance. Vlad would be his first, of course, and his small virgin body would be so incredibly tight around his unbearably large cock. Danny would wince in pain and discomfort as Vlad slowly eased his dick inside him before eventually succumbing to his pleasant touches, realizing just how *good* he was making him feel and how satisfyingly *full* he was. Full of *him*.

The frantic movements of Vlad’s masturbation increased at the notion, his breathing and heartbeat turning grossly erratic. He hastily stood up from his seat, free hand grasping at the sleek surface of his desk for something, anything, to keep him grounded. The warmth pooling beneath his navel accumulated as he replayed the sound of the boy’s soft voice flowing through his ears when he spoke. It was like an angel had fallen from the heavens, singing sweet melodies for Vlad’s own listening pleasure. And that same enchanting tone of his would echo splendidly off the walls of Vlad’s chamber as he took him.

True to his immature nature, as defiant as he was, Danny had his moments of diffidence. He would try to stifle his delightful moans and whimpers as Vlad’s cock repeatedly penetrated him. But Vlad wouldn’t allow it. He would tear his hands away from Danny’s reddened face—wet from tears, spit, and sweat—to force him on his hands and knees, leaving the teen no choice but to let those passion filled cries pour out from his sore, panting mouth.

Vlad’s hand moved faster with elevated ferocity at the thought, hips jerking into the open air. The nails on his unoccupied hand dug crescents into his fisted palm, his cock throbbing in his nearly painful grip.

“That’s it, *little badger*...”

Words of praise and encouragement for Danny would spill from Vlad’s lips in a chant as he’d vigorously thrust into him. His hands would roughly take purchase of the younger’s slim waist, slippery from perspiration, and he’d

pull the boy towards him with every forceful push of his own hips, allowing his cock to reach far inside Danny's now defiled body.

Danny would satisfy him so well—brazenly take *everything* Vlad was willing to give him without even an ounce of protest. He would gasp out his name also. Over and over, reminding Vlad exactly *who* he was submitting himself to in that obscene moment of pure, unadulterated pleasure. The connotation of it all made Vlad moan loudly as his hand stiffened around his slick erection, imagining the feel of the Danny tightening himself around his cock, not daring to let him go, as if he was his lifeline, his reason for existence.

And Vlad's reward for accepting him was the way the youth would bring him to his undignified climax.

Vlad's head rolled back against his tense shoulders, eyes firmly shut as a harsh, low growl was ripped from his throat. A violent shudder worked its way through his body, and his hips stuttered as he haphazardly fisted the hot ejaculate out of his abused cock, movements leisurely coming down to a slow before stopping completely.

He wasn't aware of how many seconds passed as he stood there gasping for breath, coming down from the immense high of his intense orgasm. The numbing dizziness eventually faded away along with his pleasant illusions, and the unappealing sight of his seminal fluids spread across the surface of his desk gradually came into focus. He scowled.

Vlad took the handkerchief from his breast pocket and calmly cleaned himself, redressing and wiping away the mess he inadvertently made. Once finished and fully composed, he sat back down in his chair. Leaning back, he crossed his legs and interlaced his fingers on his lap. His dark, somber gaze burned holes into the distant wall.

It would be easy to re-enact his wishes in the tangible world. That same boy in his fantasy was sleeping soundly by himself in one of his guest rooms above. However, there was one troublesome dilemma in Vlad's seemingly perfect dream, it was just *that*—a *dream*. The real Danny would *never* accept him.

With a long, tired sigh, Vlad closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, feeling the familiar throbbing of a headache settling in. It appeared this “second chance” he had at filling that dark hole in his stolen heart was going to be exceptionally difficult. The younger’s innocence, as endearing as it was, was Vlad’s greatest adversary. In fact, Danny’s whole character was the antithesis of himself. His little badger did not yet understand how awful this world truly was and how pointless it was to try to save it. He did not know how much they, as human-ghost hybrids, were meant to be together. How much love and care Vlad was so ready and willing to give him. It was fate that their paths crossed, the boy just didn’t see that yet.

...Well, he’ll just have to be the one to open his eyes, then.